

be watched and scolded, instead of helped and trusted.

This mother's boy was just as impulsive and self-willed as you often find. But she had a few rules which helped wonderfully. Shall I copy them for you?

1. I will pray and work to be patient.
2. I will strive to "grow in grace and in the knowledge of God."
3. No matter what happens, I will try to hold my temper and my tongue.
4. I will never try to scold, and never to reprove or punish in anger.
5. I will listen patiently and tenderly to my boy's side of a grievance.

You will notice that these rules are to govern the mother instead of the boy, and is not that the secret of success? Mother, do you want to keep your boy? Then control yourself. Not the fashionable attempt at stoicism which says it is not "good form to display emotion," but the real holding of oneself in hand.

Fashion would tie the mettlesome steed fast; control harnesses him to life, and lets Christ hold the reins.

This mother's boy made many a blunder; he had his days of waywardness and times of unreasonableness, but never a time when he was not sure that his mother was ready to listen, advise and help. There were times when his impulsiveness made him sore trouble, but the first place he turned for help was to tender, loyal "mother friend," and he was sure of comfort. Do you think it paid? When she reads in the papers the theories on "how to get hold of boys," she thanks God she has never lost her hold on hers. And in the answering of the boyish prayer the mother has not only grown more and more intimate with him, but both have grown intimate with Christ.

Mother, you have no "charge to keep" half so sacred as the heart of your boy. Are you true to her trust?

#### Our Children

Epitomist.

Francis Murphy, in a recent talk in Indianapolis, said that "our boys and girls are being stolen from us, because we do not come close enough to them, and they go elsewhere to find confidants." Many parents learn this significant fact when it is too late, when the child has drifted away, and its affections toward father and mother have cooled, even if there is not some degree of actual disrespect felt toward the natural objects of the most profound and purest love. Few children are beyond the molding influence of a parent's love and sympathy. The childish character can be developed, its disposition modified, if need be, and its course in life marked out by mother and father, if they set themselves rightly about the task. It often seems to be entirely forgotten that the troubles of childhood are just as annoying and discouraging to the young as the troubles of manhood and womanhood are to the older. The loss of a ball or a broken toy may wring the heart of a child as severely as the loss of

a fortune may wring the heart of a man. There is constant need, therefore, of judicious watchfulness of the young life, an ever-readiness to encourage and an unfaltering regard for exact justice in our dealings with the boy or girl. In no other relation of life are the possibilities for creating such richness of love and respect. The touching popular ballad, 'Rock Me to Sleep, Mother,' was the product of the tender remembrance of a faithful mother."

"Backward, turn backward, O time, in your flight!  
Make me a child again, just for tonight.  
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,  
Take me again to your heart as of yore;  
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,  
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;  
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep."

#### Play Spy on Yourself

Selected.

"When I was a boy," said an old man, "we had a schoolmaster who had an odd way of catching idle boys. One day he called to us: 'Boys, I must have closer attention to your books. The first one that sees another idle I want you to inform me, and I will attend to the case.'"

"Ah," thought I to myself, "there is Joe Simmons, that I don't like. I'll watch him, and if I see him look off his book I'll tell." It was not long before I saw Joe look off his book and immediately I informed the master.

"Indeed!" said he, "how did you know he was idle?"

"I saw him," said I.

"You did? and were your eyes on your books when you saw him?"

"I was caught, and I never watched for idle boys again."

If we are sufficiently watchful over our own conduct, we shall have no time to find fault with the conduct of others.

#### Modern Improvements

Selected.

A writer from Washington tells us that for years two large doors of entrance to the White House have been grained to represent black walnut. This year, the person having the matter in charge ordered them scraped and cleaned in readiness for repainting, and now it is discovered that the doors are of solid mahogany, of a most beautiful natural grain. Who in the forgotten past could have had them painted?

Doubtless it was someone with a mania for modern improvements, and there are many other things, naturally beautiful, which are improved out of existence in much the same way. A young girl had a sweet, clear voice which was always at the service of her friends, a joy in home gatherings and at local entertainments, until she was seized with an ambition to cultivate it. Instead of developing its natural beauty she has overlaid it with a mass of affectations. A distressing tremolo and a frantic straining after high notes have taken the place of the old sweet melody.

Many a boy or girl, many an older person also, mistakes sham for improvement, but it

never is. "Stir up the gift that is in thee:" that is right, but do not attempt painting it into an imitation of something else.

#### "I Can Keep From Swearing"

He is rather small for his years, works in a warehouse, and acts as errand boy. One day the men were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him—

"You will never amount to much; you never can do much business; you are too small."

The little fellow looked at them—

"Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something which none of you men apparently can do."

"Ah, what is that?" said they.

"I don't know that I ought to tell you," he replied. But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that none of them were able to do.

"What is it, boy?"

"I can keep from swearing!" said the little fellow. There were some blushes on four men's faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the point.

So you see big grown men can sometimes be outdone by a boy.

## Our Young People

### A Blessed Opportunity

God gave me something very sweet to be mine own this day—

A precious opportunity, a word for Christ to say;

A soul that my desire might reach, a work to do for him;

And now I thank him for this grace, ere yet the light grows dim.

No service that he sends me can be so welcome aye,

To guide a pilgrim's weary feet within the narrow way:

To share the Shepherd's quest, and so, by brake and fen,

To find for him his wandering lambs, the erring sons of men.

I did not seek this blessed thing; it came a rare surprise,

Flooding my heart with dearest joy, as, lifting wistful eyes,

Heaven's light upon a dear one's face shone plain and clear on mine;

And there an unseen third, I felt, was waiting—  
One divine.

So in this twilight hour I kneel, and pour my grateful thought

In song and prayer to Jesus for the gifts this day hath brought.

Sure never service is so sweet, nor life hath so much zest,

As when he bids me speak for him, and then he does the rest.

Margaret E. Sangster.

### OUR FOOLISH EXCUSES—Luke 14:15-24

Topic for Sept. 30. (Consecration meeting)

Jesus was the master of illustrations. Every truth concerning the kingdom he illustrated in some way. No truth needs to be brought out more forcibly than this, that all excuses which men offer to justify themselves in rejecting Jesus and the kingdom are utterly foolish and sinful. In our lesson we have the picture of a man making a feast and inviting his friends, but tho it was free they preferred to keep themselves